THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

May, 1804.

MRS. ORBY HUNTER,

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE annexed Portrait needs no other accompaniment, than the mere mention, that it is that of the lady so much celebrated among the gay and splendid, for the elegance of her taste displayed in her masquerades, routes, carriages, &c. by which she has obtained a conspicuous rank in the fashionable world.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY's CURSE UPON A DESPISER OF POETRY.

MAY he fall deeply in love, and lose his mistress only because he is unable to compose a sonnet in her praise: and die conscious that he shall lose all the rewards of his well-earned fame, because there is no one will write an epitaph to perpetuate his memory.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXIX.

At length the Winter's surly blasts are o'er,
Array'd in smiles, the lovely Spring returns:
Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
And every breast with heat celestial burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
Again the tenants of the leafy grove
Forget the patt'ring hail, the driving snow,
Resume the lay to melody and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play,
Alike attracted to th' enliveming gleam,
The stranger swallows take their wonted way.

AMIDST the glooms of November, and the storms and severity of the succeeding winter months, the idea of returning spring is frequently indulged; and though a person cannot "warm himself on Caucasus, by thinking on fantastic summer's heat," we are all well acqnainted with the powers of fancy, and how much it contributes to our happiness, to have a mind formed for pleasing expectations. Not only, therefore, wisdom, but religion, invite us to draw as many innocent enjoyments as possible from our personal situations, and from the varying scenes of nature; for certainly it shews the greatest intellectual sanity to extract happiness from every circumstance that is capable of yielding even a single grain of that precious ingredient in the cup of life; and we cannot pay a more acceptable service to the Author of all Good, than to evince a grateful disposition, and a temper to be pleased with the blessings which are showered around us.

But it is in vain that Providence is kind to us, and distributes its gifts with a liberal hand; it is in vain that Spring unfolds its flowers, and Summer ripens its fruits, unless we cultivate a taste for enjoying favorable

vorable events as they arise, and learn the science of separating the sweets from the bitters. On taste and sentiment, indeed, it almost as much depends, as on all other circumstances combined, whether we shall be happy or miserable ourselves, and a blessing or a curse to others.

For this reason, I have always thought it of the first importance to call the attention of young people to the study of NATURE, which, above all other sciences, is replete with variety, pleasure, and entertainment. Every situation, every season, presents something from which the cultivated mind may draw either temporary or permanent good; and to watch the opening flower, to mark the return of birds, to trace the changes of insects; in a word, to enter the temple of Nature with devout affections for its Author, cannot fail to be as conducive to enjoyment as to purity of mind.

BOTANY I have already frequently recommended to my young readers as a study peculiarly fascinating, and equally productive of health and satisfaction; but I should think myself remiss, if I did not avail myself of every opportunity of giving force to those suggestions, which I am convinced are beneficial to my sex.

We are now entering on that season of the year in which NATURE appears in her most lovely dress, and in which she possesses sufficient charms to captivate the most cursory and incurious observer; but it is only to her zealous votaries that she displays her beauties, and she must be pursued to her most secret recesses, before she can be expected to be kind. In fact, she is a coy virgin, and must be long solicited before she will admit us to an intimacy with her; but she never ultimately refuses her favors to those who have shewn an anxiety to deserve them. This ought to encourage the advances of the most timid, and to strengthen the resolution of the most indolent.

While Ignorance looks round on the variegated covering of the vernal earth with vacant admiration, the Botanist learns to separate and arrange objects, to call every flower by its name, to investigate the properties of plants, and to distinguish between the salutary and the noxious. Acquainted with the laws of vegetation, the student sees beauties in every opening tint, and hails the first appearance of every favorite flower with joy and gratulation. The shady covert, the tangled brake, the cultivated field, the open plain, the low meadow, the lofty hill, all contain their appropriate plants, and invite us to their native haunts. Thus a walk never can be dull or uninteresting, whether in company or alone; and we enjoy all the benefits of exercise and air, under the agreeable mask of amusement. To detect a new plant, or even a new habitant, gives a pleasure to the botanical student, which is often felt, but cannot be described; and still how much more desirable must it be, to be able to draw the healing juices from vegetables, or to apply them to their proper uses, in domestic economy, the arts and manufactures!

Again, while those who are destitute of natural knowledge, or, in other words, of genuine taste, listen to the mingled melody of the groves, without being able to name the different performers, the curious inquirer is capable of distinguishing every particular voice that swells the general chorus, and knows how to compare and combine the notes. Nor is the naturalist contented with enjoying merely the gratification of the ear; the other senses claim their share; and, through their medium, the mind is exalted and refined. The more intimately we are acquainted with the works of creation, the more humane and pious must we become; for if there is truth in the observation, "that an undevout astronomer is mad," it can be no breach of Christian charity to affirm, "that he who investigates the wonders of nature without

without rising to their great original Cause, must be wilfully blind, or perversely sceptical."

I'll admit, however, that a particular, as well as a general taste, will not be the same in all, whatever care may be used in their cultivation. All have not

> ——— a discerning sense
> Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
> Of things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
> In species. This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
> Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
> But GOD alone, when first his active hand
> Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
> He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
> Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
> Reveals the charms of NATURE.
>
> But though Heaven
> In every breast has sown these early seeds
> Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
> Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
> Without enlivening suns and genial showers,
> And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
> The tender plant will rear its blooming head,
> Or yield the harvest promis'd in the Spring.
> AKENSIDE.

In those sentiments I perfectly coincide. Happy do I consider that person "whose internal powers are feelingly alive to each fine impulse;" and next to him or her, the individual, to form whose taste the hand of diligent cultivation has been rightly applied, and who has *acquired* that quick perception of natural beauty, which others have *inherently* possessed.

Should this paper be the means of drawing one female from the path of frivolity to the field of nature; should the "loves of the plants" supersede the love of scandal and of cards; should the harmony of the groves, in consequence of my observations, be thought equal or superior to Italian airs, I shall congratulate myself, and my convert will have reason to bless me!

TO PHILANDER.

The OLD WOMAN presents her compliments to PHILANDER, and if he wishes to avoid being reputed the *lover* while he is only anxious to be esteemed the *friend*, she advises him to associate with Ladies of *her* age, and then he may depend on being safe.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Dear Madam,

YOUR correspondent Philander is in rather a distressing predicament. There are none of his own sex at Evesham that have the requisite qualifications for his society; and when he would seek amusement in the company of the fair sex, false constructions are put even on his prudence. To avoid dissipation, he has sought Platonic friendship; but, hunted by animadversion, he bids fair to become the *Solitary of Evesham*.

But Philander does not seem aware, that, under such a circumstance as he describes, it is the young lady that is most liable to meet the inconvenience of his attentions. When a young man avoids (as your correspondent does) the company of his own, and courts exclusively that of the other sex, is it not very natural for such as are in the custom of noticing the concerns of others, even if they neglect their own, to suppose that the attraction lies in something of a softer nature than philosophy; and that habits of intimacy with the most amiable part of the creation, are apt to beget a disposition for that which is as pure, but less refined, than Platonic friendship? In this case, where the lady has the fame of having an admirer without the reality, it is herself that is privileged to complain, seeing that she may be precluded from receiving the addresses

of

of another, who is more in earnest in his attentions to her.

I do not pretend to assert, that your correspondent is included in the character I am going to describe; but there are a certain race of animals, that others, no doubt, have found the inconvenience of, as well as myself, whose natural and acquired accomplishments are not sufficient to attract the esteem of their fellows; but who have certain tinsel ornaments, which hang on their manners, like rings on the feet of the Morris-dancer, to draw to them the notice of the frivolous. These *danglers*, whose best recommendation is their insignificance, are considered by too many of my own sex as a sort of privileged men, harmless from their shallowness of understanding, and therefore admitted to greater familiarities than would be tolerated from their lovers. These simpering mortals, whose good-nature prevents their even perceiving an insult, and who lack wit ever to be serious, think themselves best employed when disparting a curl, or supplying the offices of a tiring-woman in adjusting some part or other of a young lady's dress. They can always flatter, and never contradict; and, with some young women, by being treated with equal freedom, appear to hold the same estimation as their lap-dogs. The consequence is, that a young man of sense and goodness, seeing so insignificant a being as one of these *danglers* so tolerated and caressed by her who had won his affections through her amiable qualities, is too proud to enter the lists with such a rival, and would rather withdraw from the pursuit, and yield the lady to him she appears most happy with, than continue a spectator of his freedoms and caresses.

Young women are not awake to the injury their reputations suffer, from permitting even men so insignificant to assume the offices of waiting-maids and companions. The tribute of unmeaning folly is no compensation for the loss of that of sense and honor:

nor: and, my dear Madam, tell these my fair but unthinking sisters, that the grace of female propriety is as beautiful as the bloom on the delicate auricula of our gardens. When the rude touch hath swept either away, the beauty of the flower, and the charm of woman, is destroyed; and the eye of their former admirer turns from them; for it finds no joy in their misfortune.

I am, my dear Madam,

Bristol. Your obedient servant,

PAULINA.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Sir,

THE very flattering manner in which you received my first effort in literature*, has encouraged me to offer you a few remarks I made lately on a conversation I heard between two gentlemen, to whom I always listen with attention and pleasure; being persuaded, that there is nothing so conducive to the enlightening a young woman's mind, as being attentive to *le pour et le contre* of two sensible men.

The conversation I allude to, after a variety of subjects had been treated of, turned on FEELING and BENEVOLENCE. One gentleman maintained the idea of their being *innate principles;* the other as strongly opposed it. Both had read Locke, and each defended his opinion with eloquence and learning. At length, one asked the other, if he himself had not always *felt* them in his own *bosom* from his youth? to which the other replied, that, "so far from it, he knew not, as yet, if he had such feelings; for, unfortunately, he had had no opportunity of exercising them."

* Answer to Henry's Query, vol. xi. p. 394.

The

The word *unfortunately*, uttered in a tone of regret, proved to me that he possessed them; though I cannot presume to say whether they are innate or not: but I beg leave to differ from him, when he says, he has had no opportunity of *exercising* them: the word *practise* would, I think, better explain what he meant; for we may certainly *exercise* and enlarge all our faculties and feelings, without once putting them in practice. Is not our pity called forth every day by objects of distress? Do we not partake the pleasure he feels who relieves it, share the gratitude of the person relieved, and feel a secret wish that we also had something to give? Surely, this is feeling and benevolence *exercised;* and by encouraging these kind of sentiments, we prepare our hearts for real action, when we shall have it in our power: and, in my opinion, this idea of exercising our faculties, may be extended to the exercise of them with relation to any art or science; for, it appears to me, that by a continual reflection upon what we are engaged in, we may be prepared, by mental exercise, to proceed to the practice with more ease and confidence.

If, Sir, you approve of these remarks, so far as to give them a place in your Museum, where they may induce the younger part of my sex to *think* a little more than some of us do, you will add an obligation on one who, in the name of her sex, thanks you for the selection you make for us, and the pains you take to make us virtuous and wise.

Newington Butts, L. D——N.
4th April, 1804.

ON CHARITY.

CHARITY is a virtue much talked of, but, I think, very little understood. Charity, it is said, forbids one to think such or such ill of such particular persons. What! does charity prompt one thing, and reason another? Charity may regulate our behaviour, but can have no influence over our opinion. A.

DUKE OF ENGHIEN.

IT would be no easy task to form a more appropriate introduction to the following Poem, of which we hope some of our fair readers will favour us with a *translation*, than a passage on the subject, in *Mr. Peltier's* excellent production, THE AMBIGU, which is as follows.

"The Regicide Executioner of France presides over the Legislative Assembly in the Palace of the Duc D'Enghien; there his throne is erected upon the dead body of its master.

"Base actions demand the shade, the obscurity and silence of night; the night was, therefore, chosen for performing these dreadful rites.

"Let us imagine a traveller who had wandered in that hour in the wood of Vincennes, destined to behold this new festival of Atreus; the shadows of night, the gloom of the forest, the pale light of flambeaux, the oaths of the soldiery, and the degrading office of the generals: these *preliminaries* of a great crime shake him with horror—he scarcely dares to breathe. The fatal escort approaches; suddenly it stops; a confused noise is followed by the report of musquetry. By the transient light of this discharge, he sees a man fall in the midst of a crowd of troops. Soon the assassins retire in disorder: he advances with trembling steps; at first he only perceives that a youth has been murdered—Soon, however, too soon, the dawning light discovers to him, that the youth is a Bourbon; the twenty-first in descent from St. Louis, weltering in his blood within the domain of a palace built by his ancestor. Yea, at the very foot, perhaps, of the oak, under the shadow of which his royal ancestor administered justice in person to the lowest of his subjects."

This quotation, however poetical, has, it seems, truth for its basis. The noble and royal youth was executed in the morning, before day-light, the 22d of

of March; the wood surrounded with 200 gens d'armes, and 300 Italian troops.

When the Duke learned, upon inquiry, that the grenadiers appointed for the bloody deed, were Italians of Bonaparte's guard, he exclaimed, "Thank God, they are not Frenchmen. I am condemned by a foreigner, my executioners are foreigners too. There will be one stain less upon my countrymen."

VERS

Sur la Mort du Duc D'Enghien.

Le dernier rejetton d'un nom cher a la France,
D'un féroce etranger assouvit la vengeance,
Qui mettant en vigeur ses sanguinaires loix
Baigne le sol Français du pur sang de ses Rois.
D'Enghien l'unique espoir, et l'honneur de sa race,
Ne veux point s'abaisser a lui demander grace.
Mais d'un œil calme et fier, envisageant la mort,
Il la brave en héros, sans gémir sur son sort.
Ce n'est point qu'a son cœur la vie ne soit chere,
Les plus doux sentiments l'attachent á la terre.
Un pere infortuné et son amante en pleurs,
De son dernier moment augmentent les horreurs.
Mais l'arret est porte! sa vertu, sa jeunesse,
Ne peuvent détourner le glaive qui le blesse.
Et dans l'ombre des bois, le fils du grand Condé,
Par un lâche tyran ce voit assasiné.
Jadis quand ce héros dans les champs de la gloire,
Aux armes des Français accorde la victoire.
Le peuple alors loyal, sensible, valeureux,
Lui decerna le nom de grand, de vertueux.
Qui l'auroit pu penser que devenant parjure,
Il fouleroit aux pieds les loix de la nature,
Et qu' immolant un jour l'heritier de son nom,
Eteindroit dans son sang, l'appui de sa maison.
Mais ses maux sont finis! D'Enghien ta recompense,
Surpasse de beaucoup un moment de souffrance,
Et ton suplice affreux á la posterité,
Apprendra les forfaits d'un tyran detesté.

ADRIENS.

WINTER QUARTERS.

A TALE.

DOVER CLIFF.

CLAUDINE, my child, (said the venerable Count d'Arnaud to his daughter, as he stood mournfully gazing towards his native land,) our country is lost to us for ever; all our property devoted to plunder and usurpation; while we are cast, destitute and wretched, on the mercy of our enemies. "No, my dear father, (returned Claudine, with a smile of encouragement,) the English were never enemies to the distressed alien. A small space of water divides us from our distracted shore; but see how this cliff rises, as if in the conscious pre-eminence of virtue and glory; while, with the low'ring brow of indignation, it seems to say, Ocean, wash me from the vices of yon blood-stained land; but waft to my protecting arms, the child of misery, the victim of loyalty and honour!" "Enthusiastic girl! (said the Count,) what avails the delusions of imagination? We have prolonged a miserable existence, it is true; but we have witnessed the destruction of all that could render life valuable." "No, my father, (replied Claudine,) we have preserved virtue and integrity." Her cheek glowed as she spoke, with the recollection of the indignities from which she had escaped, and her eyes were cast to the ground with a suffusion of tears. "True, my girl, (replied the old man, clasping her in his arms,) we have still treasures inexhaustible. Dare I to repine? But let us return; the air blows chill and damp." Claudine supported the feeble steps of her father, and conducted him to their humble lodging.

MILITARY GALLANTRY.

"A cursed pretty girl that! (cried Captain Naish, levelling his glass to the face of the abashed Claudine.) Ha, ha! *Une Emigré!—Come-at-able*, by all that's divine." "She looks modest, (observed the young Lieutenant, upon whose arm he was leaning.) Prithee, Naish, put aside that toy; you embarrass her." "A modest French woman! Ha, ha! (exclaimed Naish.) Why, man, have you been on a voyage of discoveries?" "Yes, (said Hamilton, smiling,) and have discovered that you are an illiberal, impudent Englishman. All my hope is, that they do not understand our language." "Then your fine speech would be lost, (replied Naish, half offended.) Zounds! I will denounce you for a disaffected person; you favor the French, while you wear our King's livery." "The livery I wear, Sir, (said Hamilton, in a serious tone,) is my glory: I love it too well to disgrace it by insulting distressed modesty, though it may spring from a foreign soil." The Count, who understood English, hearing this, pressed his hand on his breast, and bowed with a look of gratitude. "Oh, if you are in a preaching mood, (said the mortified Naish,) I am off. I am for billiards to-night; how is your purse?" "As empty as your head, as hollow as your heart!" returned Hamilton, as his companion turned into the tavern: then following the interesting emigrants, yet so as not to be noticed by them, he saw them enter the house in which he occupied a first floor: they ascended till they reached the upper story; and when Hamilton heard them lock their door, he retired to his own apartment.

AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

The parents of Alfred Hamilton were wealthy and avaricious. At the age of eighteen, his father purchased him a pair of colours in a marching regiment, and thought he had done all a father need do, who had three growing girls to provide for. Alfred possessed a noble spirit, and a generous heart; but his liberality was restrained by the parsimony of his father, who reproached him continually for his extravagance, for not saving sufficient to purchase promotion, though his pay would scarcely procure him necessaries. This scanty allowance he therefore husbanded with the strictest economy; and as this did not clash with the pursuits of his brother officers, he became *their butt*. Hamilton was content to retire to his chamber, and read, while they were all carousing over the bottle; and a blind beggar, with his half-starved dog, would at any time draw from his purse the two shillings which would have paid for the second price of admission into the boxes. As he scorned to live on his billet, and spend the savings at a tavern, as some did, he was *voted a quiz*, and sent *to Coventry*, sometimes three times a week, for speaking plain truth to his superior officers. With regard to women, he was generally reckoned an *insensible:* the dissolute he abhorred; and of the virtuous he had not as yet met with one whom he dared venture to love.

In consequence of numerous little attentions on the side of Hamilton, an intimacy was by degrees established between the Count and our hero, productive of much regard on every side. His amiable manners were not lost on Claudine, whose admiration gradually increased to affection, which was as warmly and virtuously returned by the young soldier. D'Arnaud perceived the growing attachment without alarm; but the licentious pursuit of Captain

Naish gave him serious apprehensions for his daughter's safety, while he dreaded to disclose his thoughts, lest he should raise the indignation of Hamilton, and give rise to some fatal consequences. His nice sense of honor told him he was acting wrong, in permitting Claudine to receive the addresses of a young man, whose family would not approve of the connection; and his reflections were of the most distressing nature, when an anonymous letter gave him information which soon decided his conduct. He was apprized, that Hamilton was already married; that his wife and child were to be found at a cottage two miles from Dover, to which a correct direction was given; and he was requested to keep the discovery secret, that the unfortunate woman might not be subjected to further ill treatment from her cruel and unfaithful husband. Distracted by this intelligence, yet determined not to be the dupe of misrepresentation, D'Arnaud hastened to the place described, where he, indeed, beheld the victim of a libertine: her beauty, tears, and pathetic recital of her wrongs, affected the old man. He wept with her, and hastened home, sorrowful and indignant. Claudine was absent when he returned; she was trying to dispose of some fancy baskets, the produce of her ingenuity and industry. The Count was irritable in temper, and immoveable in his resolutions: he accosted Claudine hastily as she entered, "Have you sold any, child?" "Yes, Sir, I have been very successful to day." "How much have you brought home?" "Two guineas." "Very well; we have five pounds in store; our wardrobe is soon packed; we must away to-morrow, child." Claudine gazed earnestly at him: "Away, Sir!" "Yes, child; we have enough for our travelling expences: Heaven must dispose of us for the best hereafter; we must hasten to London." "Mr. Hamilton will be much surprised, Sir, Have you told him?" "Don't teaze me, girl: go to bed. The stage will be ready at

four o'clock." The Count saw her eyes were full of tears, and dreaded to enter into any explanation; while Claudine, terrified by his abrupt manner, and knowing that he never acted without a motive, sat lost in conjecture.

Claudine would have given the world to speak with Hamilton, but he was engaged out to supper; and she was full of concern to know what he would think of their sudden departure. The stage was full of passengers, and it was impossible to ask a question that day. In the afternoon, they were set down at the ——. The Count was so ill, it was judged necessary to put him to bed. Claudine watched by his side, and ventured to ask the reason of their hasty journey. "To save you from a villain, child," replied the Count. "A villain! my father: what do you mean?" The Count raised himself on his pillow, and told her what had passed. Claudine thought him delirious, and wept with anguish. She caught up a pen: "I will write to Hamilton."—"Not for your life, (cried the Count, starting up:) not as you dread my curse." Claudine laid aside the pen. But who can describe the pangs her heart endured? Like a meek suffering angel, she knelt beside the bed of her aged parent, and prayed to heaven for his restoration. A few days convinced her that the Count was not deranged: he shewed her the fatal letter; and depending on her good sense, and rectitude of principles, left her to her reflections. Claudine saw that all hope was lost: she condemned her own ready credulity, and strove to support her father's spirits by affected composure; yet she felt her misfortunes deeply; and, but for the necessity of exertion, would have sunk under it. Yet a father depended on her for comfort and support; and in the breast of Claudine, filial piety superseded every other sentiment.

(To be concluded in the next.)

OSBORNE

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

CHAP. IV.

[Continued from page 240.]

——————Love is a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of those we love
Beyond th' enjoyment of our own desires.
LEE.

A FEW days after this conversation, a letter was received from the Marquis, which the Duchess, as usual, read aloud.

"*Brussels, Oct.* 17.

"*My dear and respected Mother,*

"Absence has not obliterated from my mind, the virtues or claims of a parent so deservedly beloved. Nor have any of the friends from whom I parted in England, suffered by a comparison with my new associates. Immersed in gaiety, I own I find my time pass pleasantly enough; but, alas! poor Monmouth does not participate my pleasures. I really fear for his health; and though we vary the scene as much as possible, he seems to "drag at each remove a lengthening chain." The lively Berjeax is my only resource against the horrors: he is a merry soul, and too good a judge of the politeness due to a youth of fashion, to arrogate to himself a greater degree of authority than I willingly grant him. Lord Bellmour, who is just arrived, found me out yesterday: he gives me a most captivating description of Miss Fitzroy; that hearts are not safe within a mile of her eyes, and a thousand such encomiums. Pray, Madam, lock up this prodigy against our return, or tremble for our fidelity. We shall make our last *congée* at the Russian court, after which, we trust in a few weeks to kiss all your fair hands. Make my dutiful regards to his Grace, and believe me ever, dear Madam,

"Your tenderly attached son,

"ATHOLSTON."

"The Marquis seems uncommonly animated, (said Lady Georgiana, laughing.) I hope the influence of the enchanting Osborne will not have too powerful an effect: she is a dangerous creature!" "Nonsense, (said the Duke, peevishly:) the boy has been drinking too freely, and he more probably finds the effect of the wine too powerful." "But I hope (said Lady Alexina, with a sigh) that Grafton is not seriously ill: Her eye glanced inadvertently on Osborne, whose colour quitted her cheek that moment. The eyes of the Duke followed the same direction; and he perceived an interest in the features of Osborne, which excited his strongest suspicions. An embarrassing silence prevailed for a few minutes, which was removed by some sprightly sally of Lady Georgiana's. Sir Lionel, who still continued his attentions to Osborne, tried to rally her on the subject of Grafton's melancholy, expressing his dread lest it should terminate fatally. "And who is solicitous only on his account? (asked the Duchess:) for my part, I think Atholston's case far more dangerous, as he has not so much prudence to guide him." "Oh, Madam, he is so complete a gallant, that despair can never find a place in his tablet. I learn from my continental correspondents, that he is the life of every party: his company is courted by the first people; and the ladies are half mad for the handsome Englishman." "I hope he will not act imprudently, (said the Duchess:) I trusted that the example and admonitions of Monmouth, would deter him from indulging in any excesses." "Oh, as to that, (replied Sir Lionel,) Atholston has too much spirit to be curbed by such a mope. The fellow has no soul." "For mischief, I grant you, he has not, (rejoined Osborne:) his was made for nobler purposes." "And yet I doubt, (retorted Stakewell, significantly,) whether he has not done some mischief here. Will you venture to dispute that, my fair antagonist?" Osborne looked provoked, and turned to Lady Alexina, who

who seemed equally displeased by the insinuation. "I dare say, (said Lady Georgiana,) Monmouth's conduct is exactly such as becomes a man on the eve of an agreeable and proper marriage." "Upon my soul, (said Sir Lionel,) I cannot see why a man should put a restraint upon himself before marriage; it would be but anticipating the disagreeables he has to expect." "No, no, (cried Osborne, gaily,) the day of marriage is the day on which some men throw off all restraint; and having no longer occasion for concealment, drop disguise, and discover the true libertine." "And pray, my lovely censor, do not women sometimes act a deceptive part before marriage? Do they never dress their manners with art, as well as their persons? Do they study the pleasure of their husbands, the welfare of their children? Do they never use the sacred name of wife as a cloak for the most flagrant acts of impropriety? (asked Del Marino:) or, taking advantage of their exalted rank in life, set examples most pernicious to those who would fain make them objects of emulation?" "If such characters are to be found, (said Osborne,) I trust they are very rare." "No, no, (observed the Duke, gravely,) the evil is too general, and the contagion is daily spreading: the follies of fashion pervert the mind; and where sexual distinction is lost in dress, it is scarcely to be found in principle. Where is now that delicacy, that softness so bewitching? In the streets, a woman of fashion is hardly to be distinguished from her groom; in the drawing-room, from a votary of the Cyprian Goddess; so disgusting is the extreme, so perverted the terms, *dress* and *undress*." He spoke with asperity, and glanced indignantly at Osborne, who felt disconcerted: then, with admirable presence of mind, rejoined, "Happily, my Lord, these are not family portraits." The Duke felt the point of this retort, and was silent; but he looked so much out of humour, that, to escape from his observation, Osborne strolled into the garden with Lady

Lady Alexina: but her spirits seemed unusually depressed, and she vainly endeavored to support a trifling conversation. "You are unusually grave today, my dear Osborne, (said Lady Alexina:) what is the cause of this change?" "Can I be otherwise, (replied Osborne,) when I perceive I am no longer welcome here. Dear friend, we must part. I cannot brook contumely. While I yet possess your friendship, I must go; a variety of circumstances may conspire to deprive me even of that consolation." "No, Osborne, that can never be: I am careless of what any one may say, for I am sure you would not injure me." "Injure you! Oh, heavens, no, (exclaimed Osborne:) I would die rather; but every hour that I stay here, protracts my misery. I must go." "Where to?" (asked Alexina, earnestly.) "I know not; any where, to avoid——" She hesitated. "Osborne, you alarm me, you look so wild: tell me, I conjure you, do you love Monmouth? I am your friend; confide in me." Osborne threw her arms round the neck of Lady Alexina, and burst into tears. "Dearest Alexina, I know to what an effort your generous heart would prompt you; but I will not be so base as to take advantage of such enthusiastic friendship. A time may come, when all the sorrows of my heart will be laid open to you. My fate must be wretchedness: but for you, my love, brighter prospects present themselves: destroy them not by one rash promise, which might entail years of misery on you." "Alas! Osborne, (replied the sweet girl,) can I be happy at your expence? My happiness does not depend so completely on Monmouth as yours. I love him, it is true, tenderly; but when I behold the bloom fading from that cheek, those animated eyes clouded with gloominess; when I perceive that your solitary hours are devoted to the deepest melancholy, and know myself the cause of this sad change; ah, my Osborne, it is then I feel that I could sacrifice my love to preserve my friend."

"But

"But the sacrifice would avail nothing, (said Osborne, embracing her.) Monmouth is devoted to you alone; his felicity is not to be destroyed by such a wretch as I am: Honor, gratitude, every thing forbids it." "I will consult with the Duchess, (said Alexina;) she will advise me for the best." "Not for your life, (cried Osborne, eagerly:) as you value my peace, say not a word to her of what has passed. I will strive to overcome this weakness, and bear my fate with resignation; may your union be productive of permanent happiness." "Never, I swear, (exclaimed Alexina,) shall that event take place, till it can be witnessed by you with composure; nay, more, with satisfaction." Osborne shook her head, but replied not; and the appearance of the Duchess in the garden, put a period to the conversation.

The Duke had not been an unconcerned observer of Osborne's emotion, and, with much earnestness, demanded of his lady, if she had ever perceived any symptoms of an attachment subsisting between her and Monmouth. "For, by heavens, Madam, (he added,) if I discover in your conduct, any design of frustrating my plans respecting the establishment of Lady Alexina, your Caledonian heroine shall quit this roof with all the ignominy and disgrace she merits." "I know not (said Margaretta) why I am become the particular object of your Grace's suspicion, and reproach: though humanity induced me to wish Osborne under your protection, I never formed an expectation that your excessive partiality, and indiscreet indulgence, would occasion the rivalship you seem to apprehend, and which, if it subsists, may be placed entirely to your account: for my own part, I know of no partiality on either side that need give us any alarm; but I will question Miss Fitzroy closely on the subject; and submit the particulars to your Grace." The Duke, unused to such replies, coloured with surprise and resentment, and judging it best to let the subject rest awhile, merely replied, "Do so,

so, Madam; the sooner, the better." Margaretta accordingly sought Osborne in the garden, and telling her she wished for a private conference, led her into her dressing-room: yet, unwilling to begin the disagreeable topic, the Duchess hesitated, and changed countenance, so much, as to excite the alarm of Osborne. "Dear Madam, (said she,) are you ill? or have I been unfortunate enough to give you cause for displeasure?" "You are the best judge, (replied the Duchess, coldly,) whether you have ever *voluntarily* given me cause to withdraw my friendship. I am not apt to be capricious, Miss Fitzroy. Your secret is discovered; and even the Duke ——" Osborne interrupted her with eagerness, "Ah, heaven! then I am undone for ever." The Duchess looked at her with an air of unusual severity. "You are right, Osborne: those who act with duplicity towards their best friends, cannot but expect that the mask of deception will at some period be withdrawn, when they will stand exposed to the contempt of those who would have served them." Osborne trembled. Margaretta continued, "I see, by your looks, that you are self-convicted; and am happy to find that you feel your error." Osborne raised her eyes, with a look of anguish, "Believe me, Madam, your reproaches wound me deeply. I know them to be just, and acknowledge myself an ingrate. You know the fatal oath which bound me; can you then censure my conduct so harshly?" "I allude not to the secret of your birth, (said the Duchess;) I would be the last to reproach you for unavoidable misfortunes; I speak only of your ingratitude to my family, in weaning the affection of Monmouth from Lady Alexina." "Oh, if that is all, (said Osborne, in a tone of exultation,) I can readily acquit myself. I hope I am incapable of acting in a dishonorable manner to any part of a family to whom I am under such weighty obligations; and though every noble and praise-worthy sentiment, which my heart might cherish, is defeated by the

the malignity of my destiny, I can give you my most solemn word, that Mr. Grafton has never expressed towards me stronger partiality than that of a friend. He is every way worthy of Lady Alexina; nor will I doubt for a moment, that his happiness depends on their union. I admire and esteem him. Lady Alexina is my dearest friend; and can you think me the wretch who would wish to separate them?" "This is mere trifling, (said the Duchess:) did you not even now plead guilty to the charge of ingratitude and duplicity?" "Distress me not further, dear Madam, (said Osborne, sighing;) I was alarmed, agitated; but for once confide in what I say; rely upon my honor, when I sacredly pledge it, that I will never act in a manner you can reasonably condemn. Excuse me, however, if I add, that I must renounce your protection, dear as it is to me. I foresee a long train of persecution, which I am unable to support with proper spirit. Let me but be assured that you place confidence in my integrity, and I shall be less miserable." "Nonsense, (said the Duchess:) you are petulant and romantic: let this conversation be thought no more of: my doubts are vanished, and we shall be all happy together: why would you leave us?" "Ask me not, Madam, (replied Osborne;) for scarcely dare I answer myself that question. A temporary separation is necessary: when I return to you, I hope to re-possess your fullest esteem and friendship." Finding no arguments could dissuade Osborne from her intention, the Duchess was unwillingly obliged to acquiesce; and the day of her departure was settled between them; Osborne insisting that she would not wait the return of the travellers. The Duke did not express any dissatisfaction at this arrangement; and Lady Alexina, finding remonstrance vain, made Osborne promise to correspond with her. This being finally settled, on the day preceding the expected arrival of the Marquis and his friend, Osborne took leave of the family, and, almost heart-broken, stepped into

into the chaise which was to convey her from Clifford Castle. Her cheek was yet wet with the tears of Lady Alexina; and as she pursued her solitary journey, she pondered mournfully upon past occurrences, and could not but lament the infatuation of her mother, which had exposed her to such casualties. The little ebony box laid on her lap; it contained all her wealth, and was likewise the repository of all her hopes and fears; and but a few months would elapse before they must be finally confirmed. "Alas! (said she,) it may be then too late; there is no prospect for me, but despair." She stopped the first night at ——, and was much surprised, in the morning, to observe a servant in livery conversing familiarly with the postillion, who seemed to dismiss him abruptly on her appearance. She had not travelled many miles, when a chariot passed her with servants in the same livery; and though she was certain it was some visitor at the Castle, she could not, in the present confusion of her ideas, call to mind to whom it belonged. She, however, drew herself up in the chaise, in hopes of avoiding notice; and, as the other carriage had the advantage of four horses, it was soon out of sight. At Carlisle, where she stopped, she found the same carriage in the inn-yard, and then, for the first time, made some enquiry of the postillion. He affected to be totally ignorant of any particulars. The curiosity of Osborne remained ungratified, and she retired to the apartment allotted her.

(To be continued.)

ON TIME.

IT is a ludicrous kind of thought, yet certainly a true one, that poets and painters have hitherto given us a false representation of Time, as the measure of duration, by drawing him an old man; they should paint him middle-aged; for if he *has* always existed, *will* he not always exist? and is not every point of duration, however distant from the present, equally the *middle* of eternity? A.

BENEVOLENT RAMBLES;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SENTONIUS.

(Continued from page 191.)

AS I flatter myself with the hope, that the Rambles of Sentonius have afforded my readers some degree of delight, I shall describe the second proof I witnessed of the generosity of his disposition, the nobleness of his sentiments, and the sensibility of his mind. He began his excursion at the usual early hour in the morning; not any thing particular occurred before noon; though he occasionally distributed small sums of money to different objects of compassion whom he met with on the road. As I knew Sentonius generally travelled in a private direction, I was astonished at observing him pursue the public road; and still more so, at seeing him enter a large, populous county town. It happened to be at the time of the Assizes; a period when noise and confusion generally prevails. My friend pushed through the throng; I followed his footsteps; and we entered the Court-house just as the learned brethren had taken their seats.

The court appeared to be unusually crowded: The eyes of many of the spectators were directed towards an elderly man, whose hoary locks, and dejected countenance, excited a mixture of sympathy and respect. This venerable figure, who attracted so much attention, fixed his anxious looks upon a genteel dressed young man, in whose features I could trace grief and agitation; though I could not observe any appearance of *guilt*. The accusation against the youth was of a most serious nature: his master, who was a banker in the place, charged him with having stolen a fifteen pound note, which he had put into a letter, and given into the hands of the prisoner,

to take to the post-office. The learned judge opened the proceedings by painting, in the strongest colours, the heinousness of the crime of which he was accused; and when the criminal was called upon to make his defence, he positively denied having been guilty of the offence; declared, in the most solemn manner, he had put the letter into the office; and begged permission to call a variety of witnesses to prove the rectitude of his conduct. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed, made an affidavit, that he had never received it: the master of the post-office swore it had never been put into his box; and, in spite of the various testimonies in favour of the unfortunate young man's principles, I began to entertain the most alarming apprehensions that he would be condemned. Sentonius was amongst the number of those who bore testimony in his favour: he informed the court, that about sixteen months back, he had lost his purse, containing five-and-twenty guineas in money, and three ten pound notes. This sum had fortunately been found by the prisoner, who, from an innate sentiment of rectitude, immediately had it cried; and, after having advertised it in several papers, refused receiving any reward. After having expatiated upon the rectitude of his conduct, he asked the judge whether he thought it probable that a young man, who had acted with so much probity, was likely to have robbed his master of fifteen pounds? or, if he had been capable of so much dishonesty, whether he would not have hazarded his existence for a much larger sum? Before his Lordship could reply to this enquiry, the court were alarmed by the cry of fire, and from the windows of a house adjoining the seat of justice, issued forth a violent flame. Terror and confusion took place of order; the prisoner was conducted back to gaol; but, by the exertions of the people, the flames providentially did not spread.

As soon as the fire appeared to be got under, Sentonius sought the abode of misery and despair; and, as

as soon as I saw him quit the wretched mansion, I resolved to enter it myself. From the keeper of the prison I learnt that the humane Sentonius had been administering comfort to the afflicted old man and his son, and had given them hopes, that he should be able to prove the innocence of the latter, as he had resolved neither to spare *pains* or *expence*. In the behaviour of the young man's master, I had, during his examination, discovered a degree of illiberal severity and spleen; and as he bore so amiable a character, this circumstance struck me both as inhuman and strange. The gaoler, however, explained the cause of this conduct, by informing me, that an attachment subsisted between the prisoner and the banker's only child, and he was exasperated against him by a circumstance which he thought would degrade his family and name. The father of the suspected youth was a small farmer, and he was the youngest of eleven sons. He had been taken into the house in an inferior capacity, and, from diligence and attention, had been raised to the office of a clerk. Sentonius, I found, had heard the same intelligence, and had instantly set off to the banker's house; but without explaining to the keeper of the prison how he intended acting, or what were his views. As he had appeared in court in his proper character, without any appearance of disguise, I thought there could be no impropriety in accosting him, and enquiring whether he thought he was likely to succeed. I met him a few yards from the splendid abode of the banker; his countenance was marked with indignation and grief; and though, at first, he seemed rather inclined to avoid me, yet, when I enquired how he thought the trial would terminate, he entered upon the subject without any reserve. He expressed his abhorrence of Mr. G———'s conduct in the strongest language; said that he was influenced by the prejudice he felt against the young man, of whose innocence he was as completely certain, as if he had been acquitted of the

crime. We conversed upon the business until we arrived at the post-office; the master of which had been servant to the father of Mr. G———. Sentonius requested to have five minutes conversation with him, and, by a variety of indirect questions, discovered that the letters passed through several persons' hands. This circumstance had not appeared in the morning; for the man had *sworn positively* that the one containing the note had never been put into the post: it was an oath which no justice ought to have suffered him to have taken, as he had never seen the letters until they were brought to him to be stamped. This piece of information entirely altered the face of the business. We discovered another favourable circumstance, which was, that one of the persons employed in delivering the letters, had decamped on the day preceding the trial; though this suspicious circumstance had been concealed from the judge. Sentonius had no sooner obtained these important pieces of intelligence, than he imparted them to the counsellor whom the prisoner's father had employed; and with that honest warmth so natural to a benevolent disposition, censured him for not having exerted himself more effectually in his client's cause.

The reader will naturally imagine, that when these circumstances came to be mentioned, a total revolution in the sentiments of the learned bench took place: but language can but faintly describe the emotions of a father, upon hearing *innocent of the charge* loudly proclaimed. General shouts of joy burst from the greater part of the auditors; but this was changed into a mournful silence, at seeing the old man drop from his seat; for the sudden transition from grief to extacy, was too much for his enfeebled nature to sustain. The benevolent Sentonius, who might justly be considered as the preserver of the young man's honor and existence, now flew to give new life to the author of his birth, and drawing a lancet from his pocket, he restored him to recollection by opening a vein.

vein. Exquisite must have been the feelings which stopped the power of circulation. Life for a few moments seemed hanging upon a thread; but the voice of filial tenderness, aided by the exertions of Sentonius, at once renovated his faculties, and produced a copious flood of tears. "Your life is preserved to me, my son," said this venerable parent; "but that honor which was unsullied, has been most unjustly stained; and willingly would I spend the few hundreds industry has scraped together, to restore thy character, and bring thy enemies to shame."

"Leave that to me!" said the generous Sentonius, shaking both father and son by the hand; "for if exertion and pains can fathom this mystery, I will most joyfully be at the expence." So much was the son beloved, and so sincerely was the father respected, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could quit the court; the throng of people was so great who were anxious to offer their congratulations, that I began to fear the old man would faint a second time.

Sentonius had been so much pleased with the gaoler's conduct to his prisoner, that he resolved to testify his approbation of it, before he quitted the town, in a more forcible manner than by words. As he informed me he intended going to the prison, I expressed a desire of accompanying him there; and though I perceived, by his manner, that he did not wish to have any witness of his benevolence, yet politeness would not allow him to refuse my request. Our visit was made at rather a *mal-a-pro-pos* period; for the keeper and his wife were taking their noon meal. Sentonius requested he might not interrupt them; and we entered into conversation, as if we had been upon the most intimate terms. Their dinner consisted of a calf's head, and a piece of bacon, from each of which the humane man cut three or four slices, and placed them between two warm plates; then covering them with a clean napkin, he delivered them into the hands of his servant, a girl apparently about fourteen. "I hope, (said he,) my dear, (look-

ing anxiously at the partner of his affections,) the poor souls will be able to eat a little bit to day. I declare my heart aches whenever I see them; though God knows I am too much used to witness distress."

This speech was calculated to call forth the curiosity of Sentonius; though I ought to have given it a different name; for the bare mention of distress was in itself sufficient to excite in his bosom the desire of affording it relief. He instantly enquired who was the object that had called forth such sympathetic emotions in the gaoler's mind. "It is a long story, Sir, (replied the man;) but if you have a mind to hear it, I'll tell it you, as near as I can recollect, in the poor lady's own words." Sentonius informed him he would confer a favor upon us, and he proceeded to the following effect.

"Though your honor may think the situation of a gaoler would harden a man's disposition, I assure you I feel as much for the unfortunate, as if I had not been accustomed to sights of distress; but there is something about this poor dear gentlewoman I am to tell you of, that I am sure would make an impression upon a heart of stone. You must know, Sir, she is the widow of a clergyman, who used to take three or four young gentlemen into his family, because his living was very small: he was very *larned* in all sorts of foreign languages, and, what was better than all, he had an excellent heart. His wife, poor dear lady, (my heart bleeds for her,) was the sweetest and mildest gentlewoman that ever was seen. I dare say your honor has heard of Mrs. Dra———. Oh, mercy! I had like to have forgot myself, for I promised never to mention her name. Well, never mind that, Sir; but she certainly is one of the best women that ever God permitted to breathe; and as to her daughter, Miss Emily, she is the greatest beauty that ever was seen. More's her misfortune, I may say, as it would have been better for her poor mother if she had been as ugly as sin; though do not suppose I mean to say any thing against her; indeed, I believe nobody can. But,

But, as I told you before, Sir, the parson used to take three or four young gentlemen, by way of making both ends meet, and amongst the number there happened to be young Squire C——.

"What's bred in the *bone*, they say, is never out of the *flesh*, Sir; and I believe that is very true; for the Squire's father was a sad dog after women, though he was not such a hardened villain as his son. From this young gentleman having been at school with the parson, he naturally became intimate at the house, and he always used to call Miss Emily his *sister*, half earnest, and half joke. The parson, as I told you, was as worthy a gentleman as ever trod in shoes; though a little what you may call imprudent, in not minding the main chance. It pleased God, however, to call him to deliver in his reckoning about two years ago, and when his poor widow came to examine into his circumstances, she found they were sadly involved. The young Squire had come into his fortune a little before his tutor died, and when he heard that things were not quite as they should be, he requested Mrs. D—— would consider him as her son. She was forced, as you may suppose, to leave the vicarage. He fitted up a pretty little house for her upon his estate; every body thought he was to marry Miss Emily; for who could have believed he meant to have acted like such a rogue? Well, Sir, to shorten my story, he used to make love to Miss Emily whenever he could; and though he generally saw her daily, he used to write whole pages, they say, to her every night. But the worst of it was, he never mentioned *marriage;* though he used to swear he could not live, if she was unkind; and at length he disclosed his vile intentions to her; and she found he wanted to make her his *mistress*, instead of his *wife*. Madam, as you may suppose, was almost distracted when she found how cruelly she had been deceived; and they say she wrote him a letter that was enough to have melted the heart of a savage; but it only served to put the Squire in a rage. He sent a certain

certain lawyer to her, whose name I shall not mention, (though it is a pity there should be such rogues in the world,) who offered to draw up a settlement of five hundred a year, if she would consent to her daughter's living with him; and then threatened her with a gaol when she refused. The Squire had lent her, at different times, a matter of a hundred guineas, and she had never paid any rent for her house; so that the demand he made upon her was more than twice as much as she was worth.

"When he found that the poor lady scorned the proposal he made her, and that both mother and daughter preferred a prison to living a life of shame, he put his threats into execution, and it is now near nine months since they first were put into gaol. It would have melted a heart of stone to have seen them. Madam fainted as soon as she got within side of the gates; and as to poor, dear Miss Emily, I believe never was such an affectionate child. Neither my wife, or I, can ever persuade her to quit the bed-side of her mother, who has scarcely had a day's health since she came into the house; and it is the opinion of the doctor that she cannot live many days."

"Not live!" exclaimed Sentonius, whose countenance had undergone a variety of transitions, whilst the humane gaoler was relating his interesting tale. "Do send directly for a physician, my honest-hearted fellow; for the circumstances you have described will not admit of delay. You must tell me the name of the lawyer who transacted this iniquitous business, for I will not sleep until the debt is paid."

Joy and astonishment were painted in every feature; and in a voice of pleasure he exclaimed, "The Lord be praised! But, Sir, (continued he, varying his accent,) I fear the bill and the costs will come to a matter of three hundred and eighty pounds!" "If it came to as many thousands, I would discharge it, (replied Sentonius:) only tell me the name of the man whom Mr. C—— has employed."

(To be continued.)

CRITICISM ON SHAKESPEAR.

" ——— she never told her love,
" But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
" Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
" *And with a green and yellow melancholy,*
" She sat like *Patience* on a monument
" Smiling at grief.———

HOW justly celebrated are these lines! and let me observe, that they prove a certain elegance of thought, a certain delicate tenderness, for which Shakespear has not, I think, been generally celebrated. Nothing, surely, can be more sentimental! but yet I must venture at an objection, where all the world seems hitherto only to have approved. Is there not something of a faulty image, something of a displeasing idea, conveyed in that "*green and yellow melancholy?*" It may, indeed, represent sickness, and such sickness as was produced by the delicate love Shakespear describes; but yet, methinks, he rather lessens than increases our compassionate concern, by telling us so expressly, that the countenance of the sufferer was tinged with *green* and *yellow*. I fear it is natural for us to pity, not in exact proportion to feminine distress, but in proportion as we are struck with the beauty of the sufferer; and that our pity is always comparatively weak, when we are disgusted with the object. This hue of countenance necessarily disgusts, and the idea of it is therefore incongruous to that tender, that almost amorous concern, which the rest of the picture so forcibly excites. I speak, however, with the utmost deference to the genius of Shakespear and the public judgment, by which this passage has been not only approved, but admired.

A.

ANECDOTE

Of a Royal Visit to Bristol in the Reign of Queen Anne.

PRINCE George of Denmark, the nominal King, consort to Queen Anne, in passing through this city, appeared on the exchange, attended only by one gentleman, a military officer, and remained there till the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, not one of them having sufficient resolution to speak to him, as, perhaps, they might not be prepared to ask such a guest to their houses. But this was not the case with all who saw him; for a person, whose name was John Duddlestone, a bodice-maker, who lived in Corn-street, went up, and asked him if he was not the husband of the Queen, who informed him he was. John Duddlestone told him, he had observed, with a good deal of concern, that none of the merchants had invited him home to dinner; telling him, he did not apprehend it was from want of love to the Queen, or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to entertain so great a man; but he was ashamed to think of his dining at an inn, and requested him to go and dine with him, and bring the gentleman with him at the same time, informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and a plumb-pudding, and ale of his dame's own brewing. The Prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had bespoke a dinner at the White Lion, went with him. When they got to the house, Duddlestone called to his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's Husband and another gentleman were come to dine with him. She accordingly came down with a clean blue apron on, and was immediately saluted by the Prince. In the course of the dinner, the Prince asked him if he ever went to London. He said, that since the ladies had

had worn stays instead of bodices, he sometimes went to buy whale-bone; whereupon the Prince desired him to take his wife with him, when he went again; at the same time giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction to him at court. In the course of a little time he took his wife behind him to London, and, with the assistance of the card, found easy admittance to the Prince; and by him they were introduced to the Queen, who invited them to an approaching public dinner, informing them, they must have new clothes for the occasion; allowing them to chuse for themselves; so they each chose a purple velvet, such as the Prince had on, which was accordingly provided for them; and in that dress they were introduced by the Queen herself, as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol, and the only ones in that city who invited the Prince, her husband, to their house; and after the entertainment, the Queen desiring him to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddlestone's own words, said to him, "Get up, Sir John." He was offered a place under government, which he did not chuse to accept, informing the Queen, that he had 50l. out at use; and he apprehended the number of people that he saw about her, must be very expensive, therefore, that sum was at her service. The Queen made the most grateful acknowledgments; but, as might be supposed, declined the loan.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

IN the summer of the year 1745, a boy, about fifteen years of age, fell by accident into the river Tyne, near Bladon, in the Bishoprick of Durham. Being to all appearance dead for two hours, his father, who lived several miles distant, was acquainted with the circumstance by a letter. However, the boy recovered in the afternoon, and going

into a wood near the village, was surprised with hearing what he thought the finest singing he had ever heard. Being in a valley watered by a crystal rivulet, the voice was found to come from an eminence on one side, which with difficulty he ascended. Here, in a kind of natural arbour, he discovered a young woman, habited like a lady in every respect. A degree of ferocious resentment appeared in her countenance, upon sight of this intrusive stranger, which being heightened by too much familiarity in his addresses, not knowing her situation, she proceeded, after repeatedly advising him to withdraw, to tear her cap into small pieces, and afterwards her stays. She then pulled off her garters, and going towards a tree with them, was prevented from the consequence expected, by the boy's snatching them out of her hand. "A mad woman! a mad woman!" was echoed through the wood by the flying boy, till some people coming that way, being acquainted by him with this strange circumstance, were induced to go with him to the spot, where the unfortunate fair one was secured by them, and brought to the village, where she refused to give the least account of herself, though accommodated with the greatest hospitality, till the arrival the next day of the father of the boy who was supposed to be drowned. He was, out of curiosity, introduced to the stranger; and though a Highlander, spoke good French to the lady, who, though disordered in her intellects, was extremely communicative. They afterwards conversed in Erse, when it appeared, the brother and husband of the beautiful maniac had fallen in the rebellion. By these means the Lord Witherington was made acquainted with the circumstances, who, the next day, sent his coach and servants to convey her to Witherington Castle. Nothing further ever transpired of this strange event.

ADELBERT.

ADELBERT.

" Ah me! for ought that I could ever read
" In tale, or ballad, or in history,
" The course of true love never did run smooth."
SHAKESPEARE.

IN one of its wildest scenes I discovered the cave of a hermit. I entered with reverence and respect: though I saw no one, there were evident marks that the cell was inhabited. Several necessary utensils were dispersed around the walls. On the table was a bible, and several of the best English poets. The Minstrel of Dr. Beattie was open in that beautiful speech, beginning at the tenth stanza of the second book—" Hail! awful scenes, that calm the troubled soul."—In manuscript (something resembling a law-hand) was the following tale, which curiosity compelled me to transcribe with my pencil.

The morning dew rests not on a flower so fragrant or so fair, but lacks something of perfection; nor in the field grows there an herb so despicable, but partaketh some good: every joy is mingled with its grief; and every grief may expect its comfort. There is nothing under the sun but partakes of instability. The coldest winter passeth away, and the sweetest spring endureth not for ever. O ye to whom youth holds out a thousand pleasures, remember that the winter cometh. I once, like you, was young and happy; and the day may come, when you, like me, may be old and wretched. But, youth, exult not in joy; nor in sorrow let age be sad: sorrow is seldom without hope. Attend to the tale of woe: and let those who look forward to joy, relax their hope; and those alleviate their despair, who look backward on sorrow; for in wisdom are all things ordained.

My name is Adelbert: and the day has been, when the sun shone not on a happier head: nor did a lighter heart dwell in the village of Arden. Without trouble passed the day, and the night was replete with

rest. One only child was the blessing of my life. In Florio was every virtue. The experience of my age was the source of his instruction; and his innocent sallies of youth were the comfort of my declining years. At early morn together did we walk the fields, when the dew-hung cobwebs glittered on the hedge: and at evening, across the meadows, we beheld the sun-gilt spire of the village: but at evening, or morning, all was sweetness and serenity. Every day was brightened with joy, and every joy was sanctioned with innocence. I taught him every art that ennobles the man, and every science that adorns the scholar. His ear was not insensible to music; nor was his hand a stranger to awakening its harmonious sound. I taught him to admire the works of Nature, and Nature taught him to adore his God. Each day was made up of happy hours, and each year of happy days. But nothing under heaven is lasting: the richest fruit is most subject to decay; and the sweetest happiness is surely the most transitory. Do not clouds hang on the morning sunbeam? And is not the richest rainbow of the evening succeeded by a shower?

Florio loved. Long had the silent flame been spreading in his heart; and by its silence it waxed strong. The person of Amanda was composed of every grace; and her lovely countenance bespoke her exalted mind. Her address was all gentleness, and her heart all goodness. But (like poor Edwin) "an honest heart was almost all her stock."

O, ye parents, that have children, trifle not with their hearts: strive not to eradicate a generous and long-rooted love: be not misled by interest or ambition. Observe the tale of Adelbert.

O ye children, that have parents, beware, in time, of your hearts; nor silently feed a flame your parents may disapprove. Ye little know the conflict when love and duty contend. Observe the tale of Adelbert.

Blinded

Blinded with the fondness of a parent, and dazzled with ambition for my son, I forgot that a cottage was preferable to a court. I spurned the delights of the village, and bade him pant for the robe of power. The beauteous Amanda, once my admiration, became now the object of my scorn. I insulted her parents, and unjustly accused them of alluring my son. I formed the detested resolution of severing the hearts that heaven itself had united.

Happy for man that God observes his ways: and happier still that he deigns to correct them. But man reviles the rebuke of Providence. Submit, O man, to the will of heaven; question not the ways of the Almighty; they are mysterious, and unsearchable: thy weak eye is unable to penetrate the cloud of mystery that surrounds thee. That which thou thinkest good, is oft thy greatest evil; and out of seeming misfortunes joys often flow.

Oh, pardon the prolixity of age. The study of Nature has reformed my heart, and made me acquainted with its God. When my bosom glows with the conviction of the goodness of heaven, I long to utter it: but words cannot contain my sensations. The smallest flower that blows beneath the woods, the smallest insect that dances in the evening sun-beam, will improve and elevate the soul, more than all the schoolmens' thousand volumes of sophistry. The study of man occasioned my sorrows, and taught me to mourn—but the study of Nature awakens my joy, and teaches me a solace to my woes.

My son struggled long between love and duty. He tried to adhere to both; but to adhere to one was to forfeit the other. Let the generous forgive him, when I say, that his duty failed; and before the cold and unfeeling heart censures him, let his intrepid resolution be considered. From my soul do I forgive him. Unable to relinquish his love, or adhere to his duty, he resolved to fly from both; in hopes that at some future day he might return, and find them hap-

pily blended together. He gave me to understand, that he was going on a visit for a few days; but in the mean time neither hearing from him, nor at last finding him return, I became seriously alarmed. In the hour of distress, my suspicions fell on the parents of Amanda: but how great was my surprize, on application, to find them in equal distress for the loss of a daughter! I concluded that Florio and she must have eloped together; but I was mistaken. For I have since learned that she did not disappear till some time after his departure. And I have been informed, that her parents have since had a letter from her, acquainting them, that having assumed the disguise of a young man, she was pressed, and hurried on board a ship, about to sail she knew not whither. As the vigilance of the guards prevented her writing, she could add nothing more, than her fervent entreaty for their pardon, as it was likely she might never return.

Thus has my ambition destroyed the peace of a respected and worthy family, and been the ruin of my own. The heart, the education, and the person of Amanda, was such that no man of sense could know without loving, think on without esteeming, or behold without admiring. The fortune I should have left to Florio was, though small, far from being despicable: it was sufficient, with economy, to make them at once happy and respectable; our retirement had all the sweets of elegant simplicity, and the dwelling the conveniencies of rural elegance. At this once happy seat, I some time continued to reside. But every outward object reminded me of my son; and awakened within, a chain of unhappy reflections. No more did music delight the ear of Adelbert; nor could his heart participate the joys of the village. I committed my affairs to the care of a trusty friend, and departed, under pretence of seeking my son. But as I knew the futility of the search, I resolved not to pursue it. I fled to this recess, and have long lived

lived in solitude; and though I may be forgotten by the world, the sorrows I have brought on some of its happiest inhabitants, will for ever rend the memory of Adelbert.

O ye into whose hands this tale may fall, remember that it was written by the pen of grief. 'Tis for the peaceful mind alone to paint the pathetic page of sorrow, and turn the polished period of woe: the painful heart can severely feel, but seldom tell, the rending pangs of affliction. Whoever thou art, beware of blind ambition; think on the sorrows of Adelbert.

At night, when the distant forest roars to the blast, and the bird of death screams to the howling storm, I trim my little fire, open the book of consolation, and call upon Him who in trouble will deliver me. During the intervals of grief, have I written this tale; not without hope that it may some time be made known to my son. If he is a man, he will forgive me—will pity me---nor suffer one curse to fall on my grave. My despair is alleviated by the thought, that while he is virtuous, he will still have a friend---and a Father more kind than Adelbert. To that Father do I daily pray for his protection---and may he some time be happy in the smiles of his Amanda; when his wretched father is gone to his last refuge, "*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"

Ch. Ch. Oxford,
March 6th, 1804. PHILERASTUS.

(To be continued.)

KEEN RETALIATION.

A Young gentleman, who had quarrelled with a lady to whom he had paid his addresses, was so imprudent as to threaten, that he would publish the letters she had written him. "That," she replied, "would be really vexatious; for though I need not be ashamed of their *contents*, I certainly ought to be ashamed of their *directions!*"

LETTER FROM ROGER ASCHAM TO HIS WIFE.

☞ As we doubt not our Museum is often read by tender Mothers, whose eyes glisten through tears which flow on account of the very common distress the following sensible and pious Letter was designed to sooth and assuage, we make no apology for presenting them with it. It was written by the famous ROGER ASCHAM, (tutor to the Princess ELIZABETH, afterwards our illustrious Queen,) to his Wife, *Mrs. Margaret Howe*, whom he had married 1554, on the death of their new-born Child. The Letter is dated 1564.

MINE own good Margaret, the more I think upon our sweet babe, (as I do many times both day and night,) the greater cause I always find of giving thanks continually to God, for his singular goodness bestowed at this time upon the child, you, and me; even because it hath the rather pleased him to take the child to himself into heaven, than to leave it here with us still on earth. When I mused on the matter, as nature, flesh, and fatherly fantasies did carry me, I found nothing but sorrows and care, which very much did vex and trouble me. But, at the last, forsaking these worldly thoughts, and refering me wholly to the will and order of God in the matter, I found such a change, such a cause of joy, such a plenty of God's grace towards the child, and of his goodness towards you and me, as neither my heart can comprehend all, nor yet my tongue express the twentieth part thereof. Nevertheless, because God and good-will hath so joined you and me together, as we must be not only the one a comfort to the other in sorrow, but also full partakers together in any joy; I could not but declare unto you what just cause I think both we two have, of comfort, gladness, and

and joy, that God hath so graciously dealt with us as he hath.

My first step from care to comfort was this: I thought God had done his will with our child; and because God, of his goodness, knoweth what is best, and by his goodness ever will do best, I was by and by fully persuaded, the best that can be done, is done with our child. But, seeing God's wisdom is unsearchable by any man's heart, and God's goodness unspeakable by any man's tongue, I will come down from such high thoughts, and talk more sensibly with you, and lay before you such matter, as may be both a full comfort of all our cares past, and also a just cause of rejoicing as long as we live. You well remember our continual desire and wish, and our nightly prayer together, that God would vouchsafe, by us, to encrease the number of this world; we wished that nature should beautifully perform her work by us; we did talk how to bring up our child in learning and virtue; we had care to provide for it, so as honest fortune should favour and follow it. And see, sweet Margaret, how mercifully God hath dealt with us in all these points: for, what wish could desire, what prayer could crave, what nature could perform, what virtue could deserve, what fortune could offer, we have received, and our child doth enjoy already. And because our desire (thanked be God!) was always joined with honesty, and our prayers mingled with fear, and appliant always to the will and pleasure of God; God hath given us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now than we could think upon then.

But you desire to hear and know how? marry, even thus:—We desired to be made vessels to encrease the world, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to encrease heaven, which is the greatest honor to man, the greatest joy to heaven, the greatest spite to the Devil, the greatest sorrow to Hell that any man can imagine.

Secondarily:

Secondarily: When Nature had performed that she could, Grace stepped forth, and took our child from Nature, and gave it such gifts over and above the power of Nature, as where it could not creep on earth by nature, it was made straightway well able to go to heaven by grace; it could not then speak by nature, and it doth praise God by grace; and yet thanked be Nature that she hath done all that she could do; and blessed be Grace, now that she hath done much better than we could wish she should do. Peradventure yet you do wish, that Nature had kept it from sickness, and had preserved it from death a little longer; yea, but grace hath carried it where now no sickness can follow it, nor any death hereafter meddle with it; and instead of a short life, with long troubles on earth, it doth now live a life which shall never have end, with all inward joy in heaven. And now, Margaret, go to; I pray you tell me, and tell me as you think: —do you love your sweet Babe so little, do you envy his happy state so much, yea, once to wish, that Nature should rather have followed your pleasure, in keeping your Child in this miserable world, than Grace should have purchased such profit for your child, in bringing him to such felicity in Heaven.

Thirdly: You may say unto me, yet if the child had lived in this world, it might have grown to such goodness by grace and virtue, as might have turned to great comfort to us, to good service to our country, and afterward to have deserved as high a place in heaven as it doth now. Sweet Margaret, you say truth, and I believe also it should so have done; but, when I consider the dangerous passage through this world, the slippery way that youth hath to walk in; when I see by experience, how many children, by their frowardness, are rather a care than a comfort to their parents, and how that number is fewest, that groweth to most goodness; I quiet myself with God's doing and pleasure, who hath given to our child al-

ready, the sure and certain reward of virtue, and hath not left him to the danger of loss of such benefits.

And yet see how marvellously God hath wrought the matter. In holy scripture, the life of man is commonly likened to two things: In one place it is called a continual warfare upon earth; in another place it is called a running for the best game. Now what dangerous enemies doth man's life fight withal? Even the devil, the world, and the flesh. O Lord! how few overcome all these three! how many fight faintly, how many fight not at all! yea, how many will fully forsake the banner of God, and with might, follow the devil, the world, and the flesh! It is fearful, Margaret, to hear of this battle, but more fearful to enter into it, and therefore most joyful to be delivered from it. Again, all must run, that purpose to win the game: yet how slow we are to run; many scarce willing to go; more ready to sit down, and not stir, and most turning a quite contrary way both from God and his calling. But how hath God dealt with our child for this dangerous battle, and this slippery way? Even so as I cannot tell whether his wisdom is more marvellous, or his goodness more merciful, and whether you and I are more bound to praise him for his wisdom, or always to thank him for his goodness! For he hath given our child the victory, without fighting, and the garland, without running; he hath given unto him the reward of virtue, before he could either do or think upon virtue; and therefore, Margaret, ought we two justly to say, "Thy goodness, O Lord, is partial towards our child and us; and therefore let us also willingly confess and thankfully praise God with David: Blessed be thou for ever and ever, O merciful God! who hath not dealt thus with all nations and people.

NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ.

FROM

MRS. LE NOIR's VILLAGE ANECDOTES,

(LATELY PUBLISHED.)

Southlands, Monday, August 31st.

I WAS prevented writing yesterday evening, my dear Edward; for we had company to tea; and I can, in consequence, introduce you to some of our neighbours. Mr. Figgins is a wealthy dealer in cattle, corn, and flour, who lives about four miles from hence: he has a numerous family; but brought with him, in his one-horse chair, only his two eldest daughters—very shewy, gay young women, and drest in the pink of the mode. There were, besides, two young men, of the name of Bertram, who rent the largest farm in the village, have a pretty estate of their own, and are of no small consequence here: their appearance was strikingly contrasted to that of the young women—as plain and simple, as the latter's was gay and fashionable: their manners, too, were as unlike as their dress. Could a stranger take them to be of the same class? The women, correct, decent, and agreeable; the men, coarse, unbred, I had almost said, insupportable. Whence arises this difference, my Edward, in the two sexes, in the middle walk of life? for it is general enough, and by no means confined to Southlands. Why are the women so infinitely superior in style and polish to the men? Is it because the education of all, who have any education, is nearly the same?---that the farmer's and the tradesman's daughters are brought up almost on the same plan with the gentleman's, learn the same things, and are only taught, and that not always, by less eminent masters? While the sons, bred wholly to business, give themselves up to it, or, to pursue diversions, neglect all exterior polish, and are different beings from their superiors in high life? Is it the manner of living so much asunder? Is it nature, or custom? What is it, Edward?

Edward? The fact is certain. The conversation of the gentlemen turned chiefly on the sports of the field which are so soon to take place. I heard many interesting discussions on dogs and horses; of vengeance against poachers, and plots against hares and partridges: at length, they went to visit the stables and kennels, and left us females to an uninterrupted debate on fashions; on which topic Miss Jane Figgins, who is just arrived from the county town of C——— was the oracle: we had much to do to examine new modes, and request patterns. The gentlemen were engaged to dine here with other company on the first of September, and to-day we are all in a bustle of preparation. Mrs. Peterson is giving orders for the slaughter of poultry in the kitchen; the young ladies are making tarts, jellies, and custards; and the labours of the toilet are not neglected. So many smart young men, I hear, are coming, all of them in good circumstances, and eligible for husbands, and only our young ladies to set their caps at them. Sure we shall have some execution. Will you judge of their pretensions? Miss P———, the eldest, aged about twenty, is esteemed a beauty here, and would be a very pretty girl any where. Her skin is beautifully clear, with a great deal of the rose; her eyes very bright, and her other features regular, if not fine; she is middle sized, and tolerably well shaped; lively; I had almost said, a little bold. Miss Anne, the youngest, is taller and thinner than her sister; has large eyes, less bright, but more expressive, than hers; a pale complexion; and is, upon the whole, a delicate and pretty looking girl: her manners are gentle and insinuating; a little flattering sometimes; but I believe it is natural to her, and that she means nothing less than art. From what I have said, you will allow they have charms, and that our pastoral beaus are exposed to some danger.

Harriet

Harriet Peterson, now settled my next door neighbour, is in her eighteenth year; she is neither so short as her eldest cousin, nor so tall as her younger, but she has a more expressive countenance, and is more interesting than either of them. Her dress is not at all fashionable, and her timid air and look still less so. The first of these defects her cousins are already preparing to do away; the latter appears so much her native disposition, that I doubt if the air of Westminster could remove it, how much less that of Southlands? When her mother died, she was conducted by a maiden aunt of hers, who resided at Boulogne, to a convent there: after a few years, this relation also dying, she was removed to her uncle's, who lately deposited her here: he lives on his own estate in a remote part of Shropshire, and she has been used to see so little company, that even Southlands must appear gay to her. You will say I am in haste to form a judgment, when I tell you, I think her very amiable; she is at least to me, very prepossessing. Her timidity has nothing in it *farouche*, or forbidding;

> C'est cette pudeur douce, innocente, enfantine,
> Qui colore le front avec rouge divine:
>
> 'Tis that sweet coyness, innocently shy,
> That tints the forehead with the roseate dye:

and her features, when she speaks, which is not so often as one could wish indeed, are so expressive of a sweet temper, and a guiltless heart, that I cannot but believe them.

(To be continued.)

BREEFE NOTES AND REMEMBRAUNCES.

From SIR JOHN HARINGTON'S *Papers.*

NO. I.

APRIL 4th, 1594. It was bruited at court, that David Areskine, a Scotch-man, had basely reviled the * Queen's Majesty, by saying "she was cozened by the devil, and sold her faith for hypocrisy, in the matter of the Queen of Scotland's death." It doth not behoove us ordinary men to touch on extraordinary affairs. "God directeth princely counsels," saith Sir William W——; and yet, God wot, Sir William is a shallow wight.—Heaven defend mortal man from hypocrisy!

I came home to Kelstone, and found my Mall, my children, and my cattle, all well fed, well taught, and well beloved. 'Tis not so at court; ill breeding, with ill feeding, and no love, but that of the lusty God of gallantry, Asmodeus. I am to send good store of news from the country, for her Highness's entertainment. I shall not leave behind my neighbour Cotton's horn, for a plentiful horn it is.—Her Highness loveth merry tales. My house at Bath I have promised to young Sheltone, who may do me kindness with his Lord; and as for his lady, I will do my kindness, as I shall liken myself.—Must not talk more about Spanish grandeur, and well-shapen mustachoes.

Sunday, June 14th. The Queen's Majesty tasted my wife's comfits, and did much praise her cunning in the making.—Send no more: for other ladies jealousy worketh against my Mall's *comfits*, and this will not *comfort* her.—I will write a damnable story, and put it in goodly verse, about Lord A——; he

* Q. Elizabeth.

hath done me some ill turns.—God keep us from lying and slander-work.

The Queen stood up, and bade me reach forth my arm to rest her thereon. Oh, what sweet burthen to my next song!—Petrarch shall eke out good matter for this business.

The sweet ladies suite to her Majesty I will forward.—Would God I never had so many suites of mine own to forward with ladies as I have heretofore.—The Queen loveth to see me in my last frize jerkin, and saith *'tis well enough cut.* I will have another made liken to it. I do remember she spit on Sir Matthew's fringed cloth, and said, *the fools wit was gone to rags.*—Heaven spare me from such jibing. I talked much to the Treasurer on sundry matters lately, which hath been reported.

Who liveth in courts, must mark what they say;
Who liveth for ease, had better live away.

In August I was much troubled at sundry grievances from divers men in high states; but envy doth haunt many, and breed jealousy. I will bid adieu to good company, and leave suing and seeking at court; for if I have no more friends nor better at Heaven's court than at this, I shall begin to think somewhat of brief damnation.

I have spent my time, my fortune, and almost my honesty, to buy false hope, false friends, and shallow praise; and be it remembered, that he that casteth up this reckoning of a courtly minion, will set his sun, like a fool at the end, for not being a knave at the beginning. Oh, that I could boast with chanter David, *In te speravi, Domine!* "In thee have I hoped, O Lord!"

I must

I must turn my wits towards my suites for my lands in the North. Sir Ralph H—— biddeth me move the Queen's Majesty in my behalf, and that stoutly: she loveth plain dealings, and I will not lie unto her.

The Earl doth tell me one way, but I shall not abide thereby; I have seen those fail by such devices. —I must go in an early hour, before her Majesty hath special matters brought up to consult on.—I must go before the breakfasting covers are placed, and stand uncovered as her Highness cometh forth her chamber;—then kneel, and say, "God save your Majesty; I crave your ear at what hour may suit for your servant to meet your blessed countenance." Thus will I gain her favor to follow to the auditory.

Trust not a friend to do or say
In that yourself can sue or pray.

(To be continued.)

ON JUDGING OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

PEOPLE in general would know how a man talks, to judge of his understanding; and yet, possibly, however great the paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears might shew it you much better: there is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a man's conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes perhaps roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, sometimes, less the operation of reason than habit: he may at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing, weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *hearing*, then, may, perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*. A.

ON LONELY MEDITATION.

THE mind, exalted by the high and dignified sentiments it acquires by lonely meditation, becomes proud of its superiority, withdraws itself from every base and ignoble object, and avoids, with heroic virtue, the effect of dangerous society. A noble mind observes the sons of worldly pleasure mingling in scenes of riot and debauchery without being seduced; hears it in vain echoed from every side, that incontinence is among the first propensities of the human heart; and that every young man of fashion and spirit, must as necessarily indulge his appetite for the fair sex, as the calls of hunger or of sleep. Such a mind perceives that *libertinism* and dissipation not only enervate youth, and render the feelings callous to the charms of virtue, and principles of honesty, but that it destroys every manly resolution, renders the heart timid, decreases exertion, damps the generous warmth and fine enthusiasm of the soul, and, in the end, totally annihilates all its powers. The youth, therefore, who seriously wishes to sustain an honourable character on the theatre of life, must for ever renounce the habits of indolence and luxury; and when he no longer impairs his intellectual faculties by debauchery, or renders it necessary to attempt the renovation of his languid and debilitated constitution by excess of wine, and luxurious living, he will soon be relieved from the necessity of consuming whole mornings on horseback, in a vain search of that health, from change of scene, which temperance and exercise would immediately bestow. Virtue and self-denial bring gigantic reinforcements to our assistance, and ensure success. Virtue and resolution, in short, are equal to every conflict, the instant we learn that one passion is to be conquered by another.

Z.

LADY's ROCK.

AT the south end of the island of Lismore is a small rocky isle, over which the sea rolls at high tides; at other times it raises its rough head somewhat above the surface of the water. It is called the Lady's Rock for the following reason. In former times one of the M'Leans of Duart, whose castle (now in ruins) stands on a promontory in Mull, in nearly an opposite direction to the Lady's Rock, married a sister of Argyle. The Lady was handsome and amiable; but, unhappily, she was barren. In those days it was a high crime in the eye of a husband, when his wife bore him no children. Duart hated his hapless Lady for that cause, and determined on her destruction. To accomplish it with ease, and, as he imagined, safe from detection, he ordered ruffians to convey her secretly to the bare rock near Lismore, and there leave her to perish at high tide. The deed was executed to Duart's wish, and the Lady left on the rock, watching the rolling tide rising to overwhelm her. When she had given herself up for a lost being, and expected in a very short time to be washed from the rock by the waves, she fortunately perceived a vessel sailing down the Sound of Mull, in the direction of the rock on which she was sitting. Every effort in her power was exerted, and every signal in her possession was displayed, to attract the notice of the people in the vessel. At length they perceived her, and drew near the rock. She made herself known, and related, that it was by the order of her barbarous husband she was left on the rock, and thus reduced to the wretched state in which they found her. The mariners, ever a generous race, took compassion on her, received her on board their vessel, and conveyed her safely to her brother at Inverary.

M'Lean of Duart made a grand mock funeral for his much-loved, much-lamented Lady, whom he an-

nounced to have died suddenly. He wrote disconsolate letters to her relations, particularly Argyle; and, after a decent time, went to Inverary in deep mourning, where, with the greatest shew of grief, he lamented to his brother-in-law the irreparable loss he had sustained. Argyle said little, but sent for his sister, whose unexpected appearance in life and health, proved an electric shock to her *tender* husband. Argyle was a mild and amiable man, and took no other revenge of M'Lean, but commanding him to depart instantly; at the same time advising him to be cautious not to meet his brother Donald, who would certainly take away his life for having intended to destroy that of his sister. Sir Donald Campbell did meet him many years afterwards in a street at Edinburgh, and there stabbed him for his crime towards his sister, when M'Lean was eighty years of age.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE. *April 7.*

A NEW Comedy, intitled *The Sailor's Daughter*, was performed at this Theatre, for the first time, to-night, the principal characters of which were thus represented:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Centamor - -	Mr. POPE.
Hartshorne - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Sir Matthew Morrimon	Mr. WROUGHTON.
John Mandeville - -	Mr. DWYER.
Raven - - - - - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Varnish - - - - -	Mr. RUSSELL.
Lindsey - - - - -	Mr. BARTLEY.
Louisa - - - - - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Julia Clairville - - -	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. Hartshorne - - -	Mrs. SPARKS.

The

The name of this Comedy is naturally enough derived from its principal action. *Julia Clairville* is the daughter of a naval officer, who had lost his life in the service of his country. At the commencement of the play, she is a lodger in the house of *Mr. Hartshorne,* an apothecary at Bath, who had been surgeon of the late *Captain Clairville's* ship. *Julia* is protected by *Hartshorne;* but the funds on which she subsists are supplied by an unknown hand, she being left a destitute orphan by her father's death. *Hartshorne* believes they are remitted to him by *Captain Centamor,* a particular friend of her father, to whose care he had bequeathed her in his last moments. *Varnish,* a dissipated young man of fortune, at Bath, makes dishonorable love to *Julia;* and insinuates, that the sums secretly remitted for her use, have been the fruits of his generosity. *Captain Centamor* comes to Bath, being the first time he has been in England since the death of *Julia*'s father. Willing to observe *Julia,* without reserve, and to owe her hand to an unbiassed love, (for her father's last wish had been that they might be united,) he assumes the name of *Lindsey,* who had been his surgeon, and is engaged to settle with *Hartshorne* as his partner. From this situation of things grows the main business of the play. *Varnish* continues to play his game, in which he is counteracted by *Hartshorne* (a true honest tar) and *Captain Centamor,* till he is at length driven from the pursuit by the latter. *Julia,* who had conducted herself with great dignity towards *Varnish,* although she did not know the extent of his designs, becomes secretly attached to *Centamor,* under his feigned name of *Lindsey;* to whom she is, in the end, united. There is an under-plot, which consists chiefly of the courtship of *John Mandeville* and his cousin *Louisa,* half bashful on his part, and half coquettish on hers.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. CUMBERLAND. In its general tone, it is extremely feeble, being very little relieved with that bold character and

and incident which has often marked the plays of this author. It is, however, pleasing in its general effect. The incidents are harmoniously combined; the dialogue is elegant, spirited, and interesting, sometimes witty, and frequently elevated. The character of *Hartshorne* is a charming portrait. We were happy to see so much of him; and, in fact, could not see too much of him. Mr. BANNISTER played this with judgment and feeling. *Raven* is a sketch, with some strong touches, but wanting that firmness of outline which decides what the character is. This was played very finely by DOWTON. The other male characters are too faint to deserve severally to be noticed, although the most was done for them by the performers. We must observe, however, that Mr. RUSSELL is not fit for the character of a man of fashion, which the author meant *Varnish* to be. And *Captain Centamor's* cordial reconciliation with such a worthless character as *Varnish*, has more of the cant of liberality than of true moderation, which never forgets what is due to its own purity. The female characters are mere copies; but two of them are delightful—*Louisa* for her spirit, and *Julia* for her simplicity. Mrs. JORDAN in the former, and Mrs. H. JOHNSTON in the latter, did a great deal towards filling up the author's want of colouring in these parts. Mrs. JORDAN had a song in her part, which was executed with her usual sweetness, and loudly *encored*.

The Play was well received. The plaudits were frequent and general. Towards the conclusion, an opposition arose for a moment; but this was expressed merely at a single line. *Hartshorne* says, after a challenge given, and the matter adjusted,

"Thank Heaven, Brother Lindsey, there is no need of the Surgeon's assistance in this affair!"

We suppose this was taken for an improper allusion to a late unfortunate event. Much disapprobation followed

followed it. But when Mr. BANNISTER could be heard, the heat was allayed, by his saying—

"Thank Heaven, Brother Lindsey, peace is at last restored!"

The second representation was given out with universal approbation.

A Prologue was spoken by Mr. BARTLEY; and an Epilogue, of some wit, by Mrs. H. JOHNSTON. The latter was delivered with great animation, and was very highly applauded.

The House was full in every part before the drawing up of the curtain.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 2d.

TO-NIGHT a new Comedy, called *The Will for the Deed*, was performed here for the second time, it having been brought out at Mr. LEWIS's benefit. We understand it is the production of Mr. DIBDIN, Jun. There is nothing in the story that may not be deemed common-place. But it gives birth to a variety of scenes, and some characters, of broad comic humour, which were exceedingly well acted. Mr. LEWIS, Mr. MUNDEN, and Mr. FAWCETT, played with uncommon spirit. FAWCETT's part was that of an inn-keeper, who, having been an herald painter, continually quotes Latin phrases in a *mal-a-propos* manner. It has a good deal of merit. This play was well received. After it, a new grand pantomimical piece, intitled, *Valentine and Orson*, was performed. It is a most splendid spectacle. The scenery, dresses, and decorations, were grand and beautiful. The whole music is new, by M. JOUVE, and has great merit; especially some of the lighter airs. It received the loudest applause. The house was crowded.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

April 2.

THE doors of this Theatre were this evening surrounded at an early hour with visitants, and the house was immediately filled in every part. The alterations made since last season are many; the boxes next the stage are finely gilt, and adorned with festoons of flowers, tastefully done on a crimson ground; the lower boxes, and front of the gallery, are also ornamented with beautiful devices; the box partitions are covered with fine scarlet cloth, and every part painted with taste and elegance. Madame VOLANGE, from the Opera-House, made her *debut* in the character of *Alzira*, in the entertainment of *The Algerine Corsair*. She was received with unbounded applause, as were, indeed, the whole of the entertainments. By some accident one of the scenes fell down, and we are sorry to state, struck one of the actresses on the head. She was carried off the stage apparently much hurt.

ASTLEY'S NEW ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

April 2.

THIS new and elegant Theatre opened for the first time to-night. It is considerably larger, and more convenient, than the former one, and has been fitted up and ornamented in the most elegant style. It very much resembles Covent-Garden Theatre; but is more brilliantly illuminated. The large chandelier, in the centre of the house, surpasses any that we have seen, and produces a most beautiful effect. The boxes are fitted up in the most elegant style; the pillars faced with looking-glass, from the ceiling to the floor. The seats are handsomely covered with Morocco leather; the pannels beautifully painted, to correspond; and every part of the house rendered

rendered commodious and elegant. Mr. ASTLEY brought forward an entire set of New Entertainments; which, for stage effect, scenery, and music, cannot be exceeded; and, if we judge from the reception they met with from a most brilliant and crowded audience, Mr. ASTLEY's exertions will meet the most ample reward.

SADLER'S WELLS.

April 2.

THIS elegant little Theatre was re-opened this evening, and it is no more than justice to acknowledge, that the proprietors and manager have made extraordinary exertions to secure the public patronage. All the entertainments were *new*, and some of them entitled to particular commendation. Though it generally happens that first nights, at these Theatres, are replete with blunders and improprieties, yet the whole performances were conducted with great regularity; and the novel piece, entitled *Okeaneia*, was received with repeated and continued bursts of applause. In the latter extraordinary entertainment, the proprietors intend to produce representations of every remarkable naval victory that may occur. The first specimen of this exhibition was the Siege of Gibraltar, for which the Theatre was entirely laid open. On one side the garrison appeared, and on the other the combined fleets of France and Spain; the intermediate part was water, which reached from the orchestra to the extremity of the Theatre. The ships, floating batteries, &c. were beautiful models, and perfect, in every respect, to the smallest minutiæ. The representation of the Spanish sailors saved from drowning by the humanity of the English sailors, had a very fine effect; and when the British sailors plunged from the boat into the water, it acted as an electric shock upon the audience, and the consequent applause may be easily imagined.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

White Chip Hat, ornamented with Roses. A Walking Dress of thick Muslin, made low in Front, with a Crape Tucker; the Sleeves very short, and looped up on the Top of the Arm. A Pink Sarsenet Cloak, ornamented with a deep White Lace. Pink Shoes.

FULL DRESS.

A short Robe, and Train of fine blue Muslin, embroidered all round with a running Border. The Hair ornamented with Flowers; a White Lace Veil. White Shoes.

Apollonian

R. Sands del et s

WALKING DRESS

FULL DRESS

Published Nov. 1st 1804 by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S TALE.

IN mercy, good people, give ear to my woes,
Too great for my mind to endure;
And list to my tale, whilst I feebly disclose
Those sorrows Heav'n only can cure.

I tell not my story your bounty to gain,
Or to draw from your bosoms a sigh;
But it eases my heart to unburthen its pain—
Your attention then do not deny.

I am houseless! and friendless! my parents I've lost,
And I've no one my youth to protect:
In the dawn of my life is my happiness crost,
And I sigh at the world's cold neglect.

They lov'd their poor Mary; then blest was each day,
And time with us happily roll'd;
But too soon did our comfort and peace pass away—
(Ah! would my sad story were told)

By merciless men was my father betray'd,
From his wife and his child torn away;
To a far distant country for ever convey'd;
We beheld him no more from that day.

There mourn'd he his sorrows, and thought on past time;
  There in silence he wept o'er his fate:
Grief at length broke his heart, and he died in his prime;
  For his suff'rings were many and great.

When the news reach'd my mother, her poor palsied frame
  Shook with anguish: no tear did she shed:
A wandering maniac my parent became;
  I beheld her, and trembled with dread!

No more to her bosom I fondly was press'd,
  No more heard her accents so mild:
Whilst with tears all her sorrows to me she express'd,
  And call'd me her dear belov'd child.

Now wild with despair! she would drive me away,
  And shudder whene'er I came near.
I knelt at her feet: "O, my lov'd mother, say,
  "What is't from your child that you fear?"

"I've no child," scream'd she horribly; "none will I have:
  "My husband and child's in the sky:
"But I'll wander about till I find out their grave;
  "Then stretch myself on it, and die."

She rush'd from her seat, and ran out at the door,
  Whilst with horror I gaz'd, and despair.
Alas! I beheld my dear mother no more;
  She fled: I could never tell where.

Oh, could I but learn that her troubles were o'er,
  That her deep-wounded heart was at rest,
This dreadful suspense for her fate then no more
  Should I feel! for above she'd be blest.

Bereft of her presence, I wander forlorn;
  Want and sickness my footsteps attend.
I am cold, wet, and weary; my garments are torn;
  And in vain I look round for a friend!

Your bosoms are heaving! a tear dims each eye!
  O blest be those proofs you now give,
That my sorrows meet pity: to bear them I'll try,
  And pray for you long as I live.

Oh, Father of Mercies! attend to my prayer;
  Be my sins, thro' thy goodness, forgiv'n;
Since no longer on earth I my parents' love share,
  Let me join their blest spirits in Heav'n.

ROMANTIC LOVE.

A TOWN-Bred Miss, from school return'd,
Because 'twas thought enough she'd learn'd,
Came home, by way of recreation,
To shew her parts and education.

Papa—a careful, drudging cit,
With money better stock'd than wit,
Thought Nancy little else requir'd:
Mamma—gentility admir'd.

Miss, you must know, was past sixteen;
"'Twas time," Mamma said, "to be seen.
"Polite arts she had learn'd in plenty;
"Few," she believ'd, "knew more at twenty."

See Miss, then, as most Misses are,
Convinc'd she was divinely fair;
Deep learn'd in novels and romances,
And full of tender thoughts and fancies.

Miss, as was nat'ral, lov'd to shew
Her pretty self t' attract some beau;
For in all novels she had found
Each fair one in Love's fetters bound.

A comely youth, whose flowing hair
A ribbon bound with graceful air,
At length she gain'd—and soon his eyes
Reveal'd 'twas she that caus'd his sighs.

And when he could approach her near,
He'd whisper softly in her ear,
And press her hand—'till bolder grown,
He vow'd, *that* hand must be his own!

He talk'd of wealth with disregard—
Her love, his greatest, best reward:
How great the joys that they should prove,
In a sweet cot to live on love!

To hear the brook low-murm'ring nigh,
And summer breezes gently sigh;
To cull the flow'rs that deck'd the spring,
And hear the feather'd songsters sing;

And when the day began to close,
(Signal to love and soft repose,)
Upon a flow'ry bank to lay,
And sport the happy hours away.

"Sure nought," he cried, "can equal this!"
"No, nothing could!" re-echo'd Miss.
Yet she'd some thoughts, Papa'd say, nay—
So—she resolv'd—to run away!

Next see our pair from Gretna Green
Return'd t' enjoy a rural scene:
The fair one quite forgot the city,
And thought the country "*vastly pretty!*"

But in this world of care below,
Where pains as well as pleasures grow,
Is't giv'n unceasing joys to prove?
And can one live on nought but love?

No—for when novelty was o'er,
And Poverty besieg'd the door;
When Love to kinder regions flew,
The blissful prospect vanish'd too.

And now ill-humour, care, and strife,
(And what can worse embitter life?)
Succeeded love—their hours were spent
In mutual signs of discontent.

"Is this," she cried, "the blissful life
"You promis'd, if I'd be your wife?
"Are these your rural joys," she cried—
"O, for a lodging in Cheapside!"

So the good cit, who's got *a plum*,
Retires—a gentleman become;—
Yet woods and fields he sees in vain,
And sighs to be on 'Change again.

W. W.

LINES

Addressed to a Friend on her Birth-day.

AGAIN the year has circled round,
The natal morn appears;
And the soft league which Friendship bound,
Strengthens by *time* and *years*.

So do the tendrils stronger grow,
As round the stem they twine;
So do the rays of Phœbus glow,
As vertical they shine.

Yet

Yet when the ev'ning star proclaims
Her triumph over day,
Then does the sun's effulgent flames
Diminish in their ray.

But the bright rays which Friendship sheds,
Ne'er lessen or decline;
But in a circling orbit spreads;
Unceasingly, they shine!

The emanation seems to burn
With more than lustrous ray;
Welcome I greet the dear return
Of the propitious day!

To thee, Louisa, may it prove
The harbinger of joy;
May conjugal and filial love
Ne'er feel the least alloy.

Long may the partner of thy breast
In tenderness increase;
And may the babe, with which thou'rt blest,
Contribute to thy peace.

May Fortune with a lavish hand
On thee her gifts bestow;
May Friendship's amaranthine band
Shield that lov'd breast from woe!

March 3*d*, 1804.

SONNET,

BY MISS W*****

I LISTEN to the howling blast, and sigh,
That thou, my BROTHER, on the distant wave
Dost all the tempest's raging fury brave;
And whilst the light'ning streams along the sky,
Methinks thy haughty soul, by fear subdu'd,
Must shrink to view the billowy mountains foam;
And, though unheard amid the uproar rude,
Heave many a sigh for comfort, peace, and home!

Vain are thy sighs, my poor deluded boy;
Thy distant home no comfort can bestow;
Thy home, to thee the scene of many a joy,
Now can but swell the measure of thy woe;
Whilst thy repentant heart shall throb the more,
For bliss rejected on thy native shore.

Islington,
March, 1804.

ODE TO MAY.

BY MISS HOLL——S.

CHARMING Goddess! lovely Queen!
Rob'd in Nature's freshest green,
Let each sweet and fragrant flow'r
Round diffuse its od'rous pow'r:
The blushing rose, the lily white,
Shall their vivid charms unite,
Wreathing chaplets fine and gay,
For the lovely Queen of May.

Beauteous nymph, now thou art near,
Blythe and pleasant all appear;
Ev'ry spreading tree is seen
Mantled with the fairest green:
Now the prickled hawthorns blow,
With their blossoms white as snow,
That shed their scent on neighb'ring hills,
And ev'ry spreading valley fills.

See the ground with daisies gay,
The bank where modest violets lay;
The stately tulip rears its head,
And gay carnations, ting'd with red.
Round the roseate bowers twine
Myrtles and sweet jessamine;
All their loveliest tints display,
To deck the beauteous Queen of May.

Warbling songsters of the grove
Now attune their notes to love.
See! how they hop from spray to spray,
And fly abroad in wanton play;
Thence returning, stor'd with food,
To their young and callow brood:
Joy and mirth alone are seen
O'er the vales and flow'ry green.

Goddess! with thy healthful mien,
Hasten to make glad the scene;
Behold the swains with joy advance,
Round the may-pole see them dance;
Thy return they celebrate
With curds and cream on earthen plate;
Hark! methinks I hear them say,
Welcome, welcome, Queen of May!

SONG.

SONG.

OH! say not, EDWARD, that my love
Will e'er to thee inconstant prove:
For though the surging tide may bear
Thee far through storms I may not share;
Yet you shall be still dear to me,
For truly will I prove,
The surging tide can ne'er divide
Thy SARAH from her love.

Whilst others view, with heedless eyes,
The tempest break from wintry skies;
With *me* each soothing sound shall fail,
If thou, my EDWARD, brave the gale;
For I am fain, 'mid joy and pain,
This pleasing truth to prove,
The surging tide can ne'er divide
Thy SARAH from her love.

Should fate forbid thy quick return,
Oh! who like me thy stay shall mourn?
Or when the anchor's hove to rest,
Who'll fondlier clasp thee to their breast?
Oh none! for well my heart shall tell,
Its lasting truth to prove,
The surging tide can ne'er divide
Thy SARAH from her love.

Leatherhead. JOS. AYRE.

LINES

On the Death of a young Lady.

WHEN beauty, in its sweet attractive bloom,
Sinks early blasted to the silent tomb,
Who can repress Affliction's bitter tear,
All copious flowing on my Emma's bier?

Adorn'd with each engaging lovely grace,
In her each fair accomplishment combin'd,
Sweetness in ev'ry feature, and her face
Seem'd the fair index of a fairer mind.

Such was the treasure lost these lines record,
But now in blissful bow'rs she meets reward.
Dear Emma, then, adieu; I kiss the rod;
And not to earth resign thee, but to God.

Temple. GEORGE.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER,

Who fell a Victim to a malignant Fever at the Age of Twenty-Two, in consequence of excessive Exertion at the taking of St. Lucie, under the Command of the late GENERAL GRINFIELD.

HARK! the loud echo of the cannon's roar
Proclaims the glorious triumph of our arms!
The merry bells announce the nation's joy,
And ev'ry patriot bosom glows to hear.
Far other feelings swell my sorrowing breast;
In the loud echo of the cannon's roar,
My fancy hears alone that sad discharge
Pour'd by thy comrades o'er thy grave, my Edward;
And in the pealing of the merry bells
Thy fun'ral dirge resounds. Ah, what avails
Thy youthful valour in thy country's cause;
Ah, what avails it that thou once possess'dst
The love of father, mother, brother, friend,
Ah, what avails it—Edward, thou art dead.

G. B.

SYMPATHY:

A BALLAD.

I.

I'LL hasten to yon weeping willow,
That pending hangs over the stream;
Its lone bank shall serve for my pillow,
For sorrow I've chose for my theme;

II.

Since Daphnis is gone o'er the ocean,
For ever estrang'd from my sight;
Devour'd by the sea's raging motion,
Or perhaps he has fell in the fight!

III.

So I'll seat myself under yon willow,
And there will I pensively mourn:
I'll sigh to the mereiless billow,
For Daphnis will never return!

Coventry,
14th March, 1804. R. P.

Imitated from the Greek of Theocritus; Idyl 19.

Τον κλεπταν ποτ' Ερωτα, &c.

DELIA, beautiful and young,
Straying once the woods among,
By a little bee was stung.
She cried, and danc'd, and beat the ground,
And press'd and suck'd the smarting wound.
The nymph at length her lover spies,
And sobbing, thus in anguish cries:
"Is it not hard that little bees
"Should make such mighty wounds as these!"
The lover smil'd with downcast eyes,
And, sweetly whisp'ring, thus replies:
"Thou, my love, art like the bee,
"Sweets and stings unite in thee;
"Thou art *small*, but well I know
"Thy wounds, sweet nymph, are seldom so."

Ch. Ch. Oxford. ANSELMO.

THE LAY OF THE MELANCHOLY LOVER.

THE youth, whose heart true love inspires,
No muse's borrow'd aid requires;
He thinks o'er all his fair one's charms,
Ideal bliss his fancy warms;
The quick blood rushes round his heart,
And hope and love new fires impart.

But, ah! what sad reverse is mine!
On me no eyes expressive shine;
On me, no smile a maiden throws;
On me, no laurel wreath bestows;
And from my love, unless I'm nigher,
I cannot catch poetic fire.

Soon as the ploughboy's early team
Disperses my distressing dream,
I seek the solitary road
Which circles round her blest abode;
Venting, in fondness, ah, how vain!
This heartfelt melancholy strain.

"Why

" Why did the charming sex e'er please me?
" Ah, why this dear destruction seize me?
" Why do I languish thus forlorn?
" Why fall my tears like dews of morn?
" Thou art asleep, nor carest why;
" For whom I love, and weep, and die.

" Often, with ravish'd eyes, I've seen
" My fair one frolic on the green;
" Hid by the friendly hedge, I lay
" Feeding my passion with thy play;
" Now, young Diana, thou art blest,
" For pangs Actæan rend my breast.

" When other youths, perchance, pass by,
" Quick to some aperture you fly;
" With signs of transport fondly greet 'em,
" And look as if your eyes would eat 'em.
" But oft I pass, nor unperceiv'd;
" Yet I was never thus receiv'd.

" On Sunday morning, gaily drest,
" Yet neatly as a finch's nest,
" While of religious rites observant,
" Conspicuous stands thy faithful servant,
" Or on the parson, or thy book,
" But not on me, thou deign'st to look.

" Service concluded, I advance—
" Ah why was I not taught to dance!—
" Studious to place my toes first down,
" To move erect, and lose the clown;
" So long punctilios hold thy lover,
" Thou'rt gone, and all his hopes are over.

" I wish I knew which chamber's thine;
" On one the rising sun-beams shine:
" If thou'rt within, perhaps, those beams
" May dissipate thy gentle dreams;
" May steal the slumber from thine eyes,
" And let me see *my* sun arise.

" Hark! did'st thou hear!—Oh, no, hard fate,
" Another's hand unlocks the gate;
" Some one approaches from the lane;
" Farewell!—I dare no more complain.
" Sleep on, my love, now soundly sleep,
" For I must elsewhere walk and weep.

Near Lindrick House,
T—kh—ll.

THE

THE HAPPY PAIR.

WHEN married, they say, that our love's at an end;
In a wife we can neither find mistress nor friend:
But I, who have tried it, with reason can say,
I never was happy, till that happy day.

Since the day on which Hymen consign'd to my arms
My Celia, possess'd of a thousand soft charms,
So smooth and so happy the hours have run on,
Five years have elaps'd, and we thought them but one.

Our care and our pleasures have still been the same;
And of sorrow, we're thankful, we know but the name:
We're mutually pleas'd in endeav'ring to please;
And tho' we're not rich, still our hearts are at ease.

When crosses occur, (who have not their crosses?)
As misfortune at times may subject us to losses:
Yet while they are trivial, in each other's arms,
We can sleep without care, and are free from alarms.

The cynics must err, when they say, in this life
There's nothing but folly, and madness, and strife;
I believe no such prating: their text I deny:
Take such wives as my Celia, and prove that they lie.

A.

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Snow-drop.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

IN summer oft my *First* is found
Beneath the shade, stretch'd on the ground;
Oft seen (its speckl'd sides to cool)
Laving in the circling pool:
My *Second* you will sometimes meet,
If carelessly you walk the street:
Though small, if planted in the ground,
'Twill form a tree with branches crown'd.
In spring, when all the meads are green,
My *Whole* amid the grass is seen;
Or in the soft and dewy vale,
With sweets perfumes the passing gale.

Liverpool. W. P. E.

CHARADE II.

WITHOUT my *first* great Milton's seraph tongue,
Pope's muse harmonious, Waller's plaintive song,
Had ne'er awak'd th' applauses of a world,
But to Oblivion's darksome gulph been hurl'd:
'Tis mostly clad in white; replete with oil,
An animal resigns the beauteous spoil.
It ever proves the lover's constant friend;
Can waft a sigh from India to Ostend.
By this, friends sympathize in grief allied,
Tho' mountains intervene, or seas divide.
Hid in the secret bowels of the earth,
A mineral substance to my *next* gives birth.
When wrought by art, refin'd by artist's care,
Our appetite it gluts with daily fare.
Oft it appears upon a snow-white plain,
In adverse ranks, and threat'ning mortal bane
To smoaking mountains, rang'd in order due;
And mangled heaps the field of action strew.
My *whole's* the counterpart of this my second,
In form more polish'd, and more beauteous reckon'd;
Less wont to revel in atrocious deeds,
Nor on such sanguinary banquets feeds;
But elegance and grace adorn its frame;
Pearl, silver, horn, or shell are each its claim;
Its plastic pow'rs it oftentimes employs,
In fashioning my *first* for tutor'd boys.

Correspondence, &c.

"Reflections on the present State of the Country," *by* a Lady, *and* "The Old Bachelor," *shall have a place in our next Number.*

"Ode to a Robin Redbreast singing at Delia's Window,"—"British Valour,"—"Ode to a Cat,"—"On sympathetic Ink,"—"Lover's Vows,"—*and the* "Verses on Colin's talkative Wife,"—*are to appear in our next.*

The fair Author of "Osborne Fitzroy" *has our thanks for her early attention to our request in the last Month's Correspondence.*

Mr. H's "Ode to Hope," *&c. and* I—— D——'s *Verses* "On hearing Miss S—— T——," *&c. came too late for insertion in the present Number.*

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Engraved by Mackenzie, from a Miniature by Braun.

Mrs. Bennet.

Published by Vernor & Hood June 1st 1804.